

A Word to Young Democrats.

There are many thousands of young democrats who now fondly hope to get into office. There is a fascination about official position, however humble, that readily tempts even sensible young men, and often old men as well, to desert the content of industry and fugacity to enter the feverish, ill-requited and unsatisfying field of political mendicancy. There is but one sensible answer to give to all such, and that is the advice of Punch to young folks about to get married—don't.

If any young democrat imagines that the possession of office is a heaven of bliss, let him take a week and spend a few dollars looking over the now trembling official departments who have gone before. Let him go to Washington and look over the thousands of government subordinates there. Let him gaze into their shadowed faces; at the genteel poverty that asserts itself in their apparel, and at the bowed and silvered look to removal as starvation. Let the victims of this once pleasing ambition be consulted, and the sensible young democrat will return to his home and the content of honest industry, cured of office beging.

No greater unkindness can be shown to any young man of fitness for subordinate public office, than to gratify the dream of his ambition by giving him a clerkship or tide-water ship in one of the departments at Washington, or in one of the city Federal offices. Of those who will seek office, not one in five will be successful; of those who are successful, not one-half will better their condition even for the present, and of the other half, only the bitterness will be their portion. Not one subordinate in five hundred ever rises above the position of a dependent. It is a worse than wasted life to many, a profitless life to all. Don't.

A ten-ton tank wagon of greasote was despatched from Newcastle, England, to the North. While it was passing along the Caledonian line at Blackford it was discovered that a brass plug three inches in diameter in the bottom of the tank, and used for emptying it had fallen out. The leakage was so great that the ground between the rails for thirty yards was covered with oil fully three inches in depth. The station master at Blackford and the porters endeavored to plug the hole with waste, but before the leakage was stopped the tank was nearly empty. By this time the stream of oil over the north end bank of the railway into and adjacent field, where there is a drain leading to the river Allen, a distance of 150 yards. The oil, getting into the conduit, poured into the river, killing every living thing as it came down as Dunblane. Thousands of fish lay dead in the river, no fewer than 300 being counted in one pool. The eels were killed, and a number of water rats were poisoned. The Allen is a favorite stream with anglers, but it is stated that years must elapse before the river is restored to the condition in which it was before the accident.

A newspaper proprietor advertised for an advertisement canvasser, and his test of their fitness, as they applied, was to tell them to get out of the office that instant or he would kick them out. Several timid young men turned tail and left with great disgust, but one, more brazen faced than the rest, nothing daunted by the threat, he coolly sat down and said he would not go until his testimonials had been read. So he locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and banded in his papers. "Ah!" said the advertiser you'll do. I can see I don't want testimonials; your style is enough for me. No one will ever succeed as an advertisement canvasser who will be influenced by a threat to be kicked out any office.

After much experimenting, Dr. Richardson has found a satisfactory means of causing painless death, and has introduced it into the Home for Lost Dogs in London. The animals are killed by placing in a chamber charged with a mixture of carbonic acid and chloroform vapor, when they tranquilly fall asleep and awake no more.

A farmer's wife says that three table-spoonsful of ground Java coffee given to a cow in a meal will cure the scours, and a lesser quantity given to a calf or pig will never fail to accomplish the desired result.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.
The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fester Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin eruptions and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. I guarantee to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by T. & P. Penny.

An Want Answered.
Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and whose daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels and act on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50 cents a bottle by T. & P. Penny.

A Lawyer's Opinion of Interest to All.
J. A. Tamm, Esq., a lead attorney of Wisconsin, Minn., writes: "After using it for more than three years, I take great pleasure in stating that I regard Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption as the best remedy in the world for Coughs and Colds. I have never failed to cure the most severe Colds I have had and invariably relieves the pain in the chest." Trial Bottles of this sure cure for all Coughs and Lung Diseases may be had free at T. & P. Penny's Drug Store. Large size \$1.

DARK DAYS

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back."



"Too late! What can you mean? Has any other?"

I rose without a word. The room seemed whirling around me. The only thing which was clear to my sight was that cursed gold band on the fair white hand—that symbol of possession by another! In that moment hope and all the sweetness of life seemed swept away from me.

Something in my face must have told her how her news affected me. She came to me and laid her hand upon my arm. I trembled like a leaf beneath her touch. She looked beseechingly into my face.

"Oh, not like that!" she cried. "Basil, I am not worth it. I should not have made you happy. You will forget—you will find another. If I have wronged or mistreated you, say you forgive me. Let me hear you, my true friend, wish me happiness."

I strove to force my dry lips to frame some conventional phrase. In vain! words would not come. I sank into a chair and covered my face with my hands.

The door opened suddenly and a man entered. He may have been about forty years of age. He was tall and remarkably handsome. He was dressed with scrupulous care, but there was something written on his face which told me it was not the face of a good man. As I rose from my chair he glanced from me to Philippa with an air of suspicious inquiry.

"Dr. North, an old friend of my mother's and mine," she said, with composure. "Mr. Farmer," she added; and a rosy blush crept round her neck as she indicated the newcomer by the name which I felt sure was now also her own.

I bowed mechanically. Inside a few disjunct remarks about the weather and kindred topics; then I shook hands with Philippa and left the house, the most miserable man in England.

Philippa married, and married secretly! How could her pride have stooped to a clandestine union? What manner of man was he who had won her? Heavens! he must be hard to please if he cared not to show his conquest to the light of day. "Cur! sneak! coward! villain!" Stay; he may have his own reasons for concealment—reasons known to Philippa and approved of by her. Not a word against her. She is still my queen; the one woman in the world to me. What she has done is right!

I passed a sleepless night. In the morning I wrote to Philippa. I wished her all happiness—I could command my pen, if not my tongue. I said no word about the secrecy of the wedding, or the evils so often consequent to such concealment. But, with a foreboding of evil to come, I begged her to remember that we were friends; that, although I could see her no more, whenever she wanted a friend's aid, a word would bring me to her side. I used no word of blame. I risked no expression of love or regret. No thought of my grief should jar upon the happiness which she doubtless expected to find. Farwell to the old dream of my life! Farwell, Philippa!

Such a passion as mine was, in these matters of fact, unromantic days, seem an anachronism. No matter whether to sympathy or ridicule, I am but laying bare my true thoughts and feelings.

I would not return to my home at once. I shrank from going back to my lonely hearth and beginning to eat my heart out. I had made arrangements to stay in town for some days, as I stayed, trying by a course of what is termed gaiety to drive remembrance away. Futile effort! How many have tried the same reputed remedy without success!

Four days after my interview with Philippa I was walking with a friend who knew every one in town. As we passed the door of one of the most exclusive of the clubs I saw, standing on the steps talking to other men, the man whom I knew was Philippa's husband. His face was turned from me, so I was able to direct my friend's attention to him.

"Who is that man?" I asked.
"That man with the gardenia in his coat is Sir Mervyn Ferrand."

"Who is he? What is he? What kind of a man is he?"
"A baronet. Not very rich. Just about the usual kind of man you see on those steps. Very popular with the ladies, they tell me."

The more I thought of the matter the more I wished I grew. The dream that she had been in some way deceived almost drove me mad. The thought of my proud, beautiful queen some day finding herself humbled to the dust by a secondarily deceit was anguish. What could I do?

My first impulse was to demand an explanation, then and there, from Sir Mervyn Ferrand. Yet I had no right or authority so to do. What was I to Philippa save an unsuccessful suitor? Moreover, I felt that she had revealed her secret to me in confidence. If there were good reasons for the concealment, I might do her irretrievable harm by letting this man know that I was aware of his true position in society. No, I could not call him to account. But I must do something, or in time to come my grief may be rendered doubly deep by self-reproach.

The next day I called upon Philippa. She would at least tell me if the name under which this man married her was the true or the false one. Alas! I found that she had left her home the day before—left it to return no more! The landlady had no idea whether she had gone, but believed it was her intention to leave England.

After this I threw prudence to the winds. With some trouble I found Sir Mervyn Ferrand's town address. The next day I called on him. He also, I was informed, had just left England. His destination was also unknown.

I turned away moodily. All chance of doing good was at an end. Let me be true or false, Philippa had departed, accompanied by the man who, for purposes of his own, passed under the name of Farmer, but who was really Sir Mervyn Ferrand.

I went back to my home, and amid the wreck of my life's happiness murmured a prayer and registered an oath. I prayed that honor and happiness might be the lot of her I loved; I swore that were she wronged I would with my own hand take vengeance on the man who wronged her.

For myself I prayed nothing—not even forgiveness. I loved Philippa; I had lost her forever! The past, the present, the future were all summed up in these words!

CHAPTER II.

A VILLAIN'S BLOW.
They tell me there are natures strong enough to be able to crush love out of their lives. Ah! not such love as mine! Time, they say, can heal every wound. Not such a wound as mine! My whole existence underwent a change when Philippa showed me the wedding-ring on her finger. No wonder it did. Hope was eliminated from it. From that moment I was no longer a man.

Life was no longer worth living. The spur of ambition was blunted; the desire for fame gone; the interest which I had hitherto felt in my profession vanished. All the spring, the elasticity, seemed taken out of my being. For months and months I did my work in a perfunctory manner. It gave me no satisfaction, it did me no good, it was a waste of time. I cared nothing for larger work. I worked, but I cared nothing for my work. Success gave me no pleasure. An increase to the number of my patients was positively unwelcome to me. So long as I made money enough to supply my daily needs, what did it matter? Of what use was wealth to me? It could not buy me the one thing for which I craved. Of what use was life? No wonder that such friends as I had once possessed all but forsook me. My mood at that time was none of the sweetest. I wanted no friends. I was alone in the world; I should be always alone.

So things went on for more than a year. I grew worse instead of better. My gloom deepened; my cynicism grew more confirmed; my life became more and more aimless.

These are not lovers' rhapsodies. I would spare you them if I could; but it is necessary that you should know the exact state of my mind in order to understand my subsequent conduct. Even now it seems to me that I am writing the description with my heart's blood.

Not a word came from Philippa. I made no inquiries about her, took no steps to trace her. I dared not. Not for one moment did I forget her, and through all those weary months tried to think of her as happy and to be envied, yet in spite of myself, I shuddered as I pictured her lot as it might really be.

But all the while I knew that the day would come when I should learn whether I was to be thankful that my prayer had been answered, or to be prepared to keep my vow.

In my misanthropic state of mind I had without the slightest feeling of joy or elation that a distant relative of mine, a man from whom I expected nothing, had died and left me the bulk of his large property. I cared nothing for this unexpected wealth, except for the fact that it enabled me to free myself from a round of toil in which by now I took not the slightest interest.

Had it but come two or three years before. Alas! all the things in this life come too late.

Now that I was no longer forced to mingle with men in order to gain the means of living, I absolutely shunned my kind. The wish of my youth, to travel in far countries, no longer existed with me. I disposed of my practice—or rather I simply handed it over to the first comer. I left the town of my adoption and bought a small house—it was little more than a cottage—some five miles away from the tiny town of Roding. Here I was utterly unknown, and could live exactly as I chose, and for months it was my choice to live almost like a hermit.

My needs were ministered to by a man who had been for some years in my employment. He was a handy, faithful fellow; honest as the day, stolid as the Sphinx; and, for some reason or other, so much attached to me that he was willing to perform on my behalf the duties of housekeeping which are usually relegated to female servants.

Looking back upon that time of seclusion, as a medical man, I wonder what would eventually have been my fate if events had not occurred which once more forced me into the world of men! I firmly believe that brooding in solitude over my grief would at last have affected my brain, that sooner or later I must have developed symptoms of melancholia. Professionally speaking, the probabilities are I should have committed suicide.

Even in the depth of my degradation I must have known the dangers of the path which was leading; for, after having passed six dreary months in my lonely cottage, I was trying to brace myself to seek a change of scene. I shrank from leaving my quiet abode; but every day formed aresh the resolve to do so.

Yet the days, each the same as its forerunner, went by, and I was still there. I had books, of course. I read for days together; then I would throw the volumes aside, and with a wistful smile, ask myself to what end was I directing my studies. The accumulation of knowledge! Tush! I would give all the learning I had acquired, all that a lifetime of research could acquire, to hold Philippa for one brief moment to my heart, and hear her say she loved me! If in the whirl of men, in the midst of hard work, I found it impossible to conquer my hopeless passion, how could I expect to do so living as I at present lived!

There! my epistolary descriptions are almost over. Now you know why I said that you must sit by the fire and think with me; must enter, as it were, into my inner self before you can understand my mental state. Whether you sympathize with me or not depends entirely on your own opinion. If you are so constituted that the love of one woman, and only one, can pervade your

very being, fill your every thought, direct every action, make life to you a blessing or a curse—if love, comes to you in this guise, you will be able to understand me.

PROFESSIONAL.
ALEX. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
DANVILLE, KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boyle and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

J. B. FISH, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
And Master Commissioner Rockcastle Circuit Court, MT. VERNON, KY.
Will practice in the Rockcastle Courts. Collections a specialty. Office in Court-house. (136)

LEE F. HUFFMAN, SURGEON DENTIST.
Office—South side Main Street, two doors above the Myers Hotel.
Pain-Without Opioid Gas administered when required.

DR. W. B. PENNY, Dentist.
Office over Robt. S. Lytle's store. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and 1 to 5 P. M. Anesthetics administered when necessary. (154-157.)

Mules for Sale!
On account of my falling health, I offer for sale my well known work mules, 16 hands high, used to the cart, sound, gentle and true pullers, and when I advertise in THE INTERIOR JOURNAL I have never failed to sell. Terms—cash at the time.
T. T. DAVENPORT, Stanford, Ky. (295-47)

DRESS-MAKING!
I have removed to corner Main & Depot sts., and am prepared to serve the ladies in Dress-Making and other kinds of sewing in the best style and at reasonable rates. Soliciting a share of your patronage, I am, respectfully,
MISS ELLA SHIRLEY, Stanford, Ky. 292-1m

H.C. RUPLEY.
I have received and am still receiving New Goods for Fall and Winter, comprising the best in the market, which will be gotten up in style and make second to none in city or country. Give me a trial.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RY.

Kentucky's Route East

Washington, Philadelphia, N.Y.

—The only line running—

PULLMAN NEW SLEEPING CARS

—AND—

A SOLID TRAIN

—FROM—

Louisville, Cincinnati and Lexington, Ky.,

—TO—

WASHINGTON CITY.

Connecting in same depot with fast trains for

New York.

The Direct Route to Lynchburg, Danville, Norfolk,

—AND—

All Virginia and North Carolina Points.

For tickets and further information, apply to your nearest ticket office, or to a representative agent.

W. E. ARNOLD, Advertising Agt., Ticket and Pass Agt., Louisville, Ky.

C. W. SMITH, Gen'l Manager, Richmond, Virginia.

OHIO & MISSISSIPPI R. W.

—The Direct Route to—

St. Louis & the West

Northwest and Southwest by the way of

LOUISVILLE OR CINCINNATI.

All Trains

Leave Chattanooga for Louisville and Cincinnati make direct connection at those points with the Lightning Express on the Ohio & Mississippi for St. Louis and all points West.

10 Hours Only from Louisville or Cincinnati to St. Louis, being two hours quicker than any other line giving our passengers time for meals and first choice of seats in trains going West.

12 Hours Quicker To Omaha and beyond than by any line going by way of Chicago.

O. & M.

—Always makes—

Fast Time and Sure Connections

—With all Lines at—

St. Louis and Intermediate Points.

No Ferries! No Omnibus Transfers!

Connections made in Union Depot, St. Louis, with trains of lines going West, Northwest and Southwest.

If you are going West to any point, call on or write to the undersigned.

For full and reliable information in regard to Louisville, in the Western States, Maps, Guides and lowest special rates for Tickets and Household Goods to all points West call on or address

Passenger Agt. Ohio & Mississippi Railway, Harrodsburg, Ky.

W. W. PEABODY, W. B. SHATTUCK, Pres't and Gen'l Mgr., Gen'l Pass. Agt., C. W. FARIN, Central Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A PRIZE Send 6 cents for postage and receive a free, costly box of goods, which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortune awaits the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TUCK & CO., Augusta, Maine.

\$200 Reward!

A reward of Two Hundred Dollars will be paid by the friends of the late J. N. Bonnell for the capture of his murderer, Henry Roberts. Bonnell is about 25 years of age, dark complexion, hazel eyes, smooth face and very bad countenance, rather heavy built, weighing probably 135 pounds.

FARM FOR SALE!

I have been appointed agent for the sale of the farm of Mrs. P. C. Hays and heirs, containing 130 Acres, lying 8 miles from Haysville on the Liberty Pike and I hereby offer it privately. It has a good dwelling-house of two stories and 6 rooms, besides the necessary out-buildings. It is well watered and is good, rich land worth much more than is asked for it. Apply to me for further particulars.

STANFORD FEMALE COLLEGE.
STANFORD, KY.

With a Full Corps of Teachers.

This Institution will open its Fifteenth Session on the 1st Monday in September next.

ALL THE BRANCHES OF A THOROUGH ENGLISH COURSE

Are taught, as well as

MUSIC, THE LANGUAGES, DRAWING AND PAINTING.

TERMS MODERATE.

In Tuition, prices range from \$25 to \$50 in the regular Departments. Primary, 25c. Intermediate \$1.00. Preparatory, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

For full particulars, see Board, and address

MRS. M. C. TRUESHART, Principal, Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

MYERS HOTEL, STANFORD, KY.

E. H. BURNSIDE, Prop'r

This Old and Well-Known Hotel Still Maintains its High Reputation.

—AND—

Its Proprietor is Determined that it shall be Second to no Country Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments, or Attention to Comfort of their Guests.

Baggage will be conveyed to and from the depot free of charge. Special accommodations to Commercial Travelers. The Hotel is always supplied with the choicest brands of Liquors and Cigars.

MURRAY'S SPECIFIC.

The Great English Remedy.

Is a positive cure for Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Nervous Exhaustion, Mental Weakness, Impotency and General Loss of Power of the Generative Organs; and all diseases that follow as a consequence of youthful imprudence or the excess of matured years, such as Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption. In all cases of Female Weakness the Specific acts like a charm, restoring lost or falling vigor, giving to the eye a brilliant and sparkling beauty, to the cheek the rosy bloom of health.

Murray's Specific is sold by all Druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5. Also by mail, postage free, on receipt of price.

Full particulars in pamphlet, which will be mailed free to every applicant. Address all communications to the sole manufacturer,

MURRAY MEDICINE CO., Kansas City, Mo.

Sold in Stanford by Penny & McAllister and all Druggists everywhere.

ARTHUR FRANK & Co., Wholesale Agents, Louisville & Ky. (200-17)

POSTED!

This notice forbids hunters, fishermen and trappers to trespass on our lands without permission, as all such acts are liable to be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Stanford, Ky. March 17th, 1884. (Signed)

D. McKittrick, Gus A. W. McCormack, R. T. Bush, C. W. Carpenter, R. Bell, C. Bushop, R. Cobb, Levi Hubbell, Higgins Kelly, E. D. Rhodes, R. G. & J. F. Jover, W. C. McCormack, G. L. Carter, M. B. Lytle, T. J. Hill, J. W. Weatherford, C. Vandy, Wm. Burton, J. A. Harris, J. S. Murphy, P. W. Carter, J. M. Hill, Ed. Carter, H. H. McAllister, T. J. Foster, J. D. Jones, T. M. White, J. Q. Montgomery, H. E. Marshall, A. A. Bonnell, M. T. Russell, W. E. Atton, A. D. Newland, H. J. Darst, W. Givens, A. C. Newland, Jas. H. Prewitt. (172)

WELLS' HEALTH RENEVER

Are you failing? Try Wells' Health Renewer. It is a pure, clean, wholesome

TONIC,

For Brain, Nerves, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Lungs. An Unquestioned Invigorant. Cures Headache, Fever, Ague, Chills, Debility & Weakness.

Take, true merit, unequalled for

TORPID LIVER and Night Sweats, Nervous Weakness,

Chlorosis, Indigestion, General Debility, \$1.00 per box, 6 for \$5.00, at Druggists, E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

BUCHUPARA

Kidney & Urinary Cure

Buchu-Paiba

Remarkable Cures of Catarrh of the Bladder, Inflammation, Irritation of Kidneys and Bladder, Stone or Gravel, Diseases of the Prostate Gland, Tropical Sores, Female Discharges, Incontinence of Urine, all Disorders of the Genito-Urinary Organs in either sex. For Unhealthy or Unnatural Discharges use also "Chapin's Injection Fluid," and "Chapin's Syphilis Pills," \$1.00 and "Chapin's Syphilis Salve," \$1.00, 6 bottles \$5.00. Full particulars in pamphlet, which will be mailed free to every applicant. Address

E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

I & N

THE GREAT Through Trunk Line

Without Change and with Speed Unrivalled

SOUTH & WEST

PULLMAN CARS Without change to Little Rock, Montgomery, Atlanta, Savannah, Jacksonville, Mobile, and New Orleans.

BEST ROUTE TO FLORIDA

In Palace Cars Without Change

SHORT LINE TO THE EAST

From Louisville in Palace Cars without change.

EMIGRANTS Seeking homes on the receive special low rates.

See Agents of this Company for rates, routes and write C. P. ATWELL, G. P. & T. A